But ſhe that neuer cop't with ſtraunger eies,
Could picke no meaning from their parling lookes,
Nor read the ſubtle ſhining ſecrecies,
VVrit in the glaſſie margents of ſuch bookes,
Shee toucht no vnknown baits, nor feard no hooks,
Nor could ſhee moralize his wanton ſight,
More then his eies were opend to the light.

He ſtories to her eares her husbands fame,
VVonne in the fields of fruitfull Italie:
And decks with praiſes Colatines high name,
Made glorious by his manlie chiualrie,
VVith bruiſed armes and wreathes of victorie,
Her ioie with heaued-vp hand ſhe doth expreſſe,
And wordleſſe ſo greetes heauen for his ſucceſſe.

Far from the purpoſe of his comming thither,
He makes excuſes for his being there,
No clowdie ſhow of ſtormie bluſtring wether,
Doth yet in his faire welkin once appeare,
Till ſable Night mother of dread and feare,
Vppon the world dim darkneſſe doth diſplaie,
And in her vaultie priſon, ſtowes the daie.

For

For then is Tarquine brought vnto h
Intending wearineſſe with heauie ſp
For after ſupper long he queſtioned
VVith modeſt Lucrece, and wore ou
Now leaden ſlumber with liues ſtren
And euerie one to reſt himſelfe b
Saue theeues, and cares, and trou

As one of which doth Tarquin lie reu
The ſundrie dangers of his wils obtai
Yet euer to obtaine his will reſoluin
Though weake-built hopes perſwad
Diſpaire to gaine doth traffique oft
And when great treaſure is the me
Though death be adiũct, ther's no

Thoſe that much couet are with gai
That what they haue not, that which
They ſcatter and vnlooſe it from the
And ſo by hoping more they haue b
Or gaining more, the profite of exce
Is but to ſurfet, and ſuch griefes ſu
That they proue bãckrout in this